

The Evening World.

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ROOT AND HAMID ON THE SUFFRAGETTES.

SENATOR ROOT'S argument against the suffragettes that "in politics there is struggle, strife, contention, bitterness, heart-burning, excitement, agitation, everything which is adverse to the true character of woman," would have been more effective if it had not come just at a time when it costs more trouble and strife to keep the ballot away from woman than it would to grant it. Moreover it is to be questioned whether there is more heart-burning in politics than in society, where women admittedly have a right to rage and rebel as well as to reign and rule.

But the chief interest in the Senator's statement is the point of view from which the "true character of woman" is estimated. He will have it that for woman "the true government is the family, the true throne the household." A like view has just been presented in an extract from the diary of Abdul Hamid, published in a Berlin review. The dethroned Sultan, looking at Western civilization, asks: "Which is the more sacrificing and the more beautiful, the Oriental woman or the European?" It is an easy question to answer. But the Western woman is no longer content to base all her merits upon sacrifice and beauty. She demands at least a right to have a vote on the subject.

VICTIMS OF THE LAW'S MISTAKE.

THE STORY of the two Italians who, after having served three years in prison in Connecticut, have now been found innocent of the crime of which they were convicted, adds one more to the rapidly lengthening list of such instances of the law's mistakes. It also emphasizes the need of some sort of legal provision for atoning as far as possible for the wrong. In this case the consequences were grievous, for report says of one of the victims that while he has been in prison "his wife and two children died of starvation."

There appears no possible way of guarding against such mistakes. Our courts and laws give as much protection to men accused of crime as is compatible with any effective system of bringing the guilty to justice. It is the misfortune of poverty when a suspected man in our courts cannot make clear his innocence if he be innocent. But that does not alter the obligation to atone for such wrongs when they occur. We are eager to punish the individual that wrongs society, and common justice and fairness demand a remedy for wrongs that society inflicts upon him.

THE MEXICAN AND SERBIAN PARALLELS.

EUROPE, with a howl of indignation over the killing of Madero and Suarez in Mexico, clamors for American intervention as a power to overthrow, punish and reconstruct. Virtually it is declared that since we have set up and intend to maintain the Monroe doctrine we are bound to interfere in any American country whenever riot, insurrection or revolution disturbs business or leads to the killing of one of the contending Presidents.

Europe, however, did not intervene in Serbia when King Alexander and Queen Draga were assassinated so recently as 1903. Yet the "Concert of Powers" has over and over again proclaimed supervision of the Balkans. Great Britain did indeed for a time refuse recognition of the new sovereign, and there was much talk of bringing the assassins to justice, but nothing was done.

It may or may not become expedient for the United States either alone or with other American powers to assist in restoring peace in Mexico, but it is not for Europe to call the game or to umpire it. Let Europe attend to the Balkan states. The work will keep her busy.

THE SUNDAY SHOW ORDERS.

CONCERNING the order that the law regulating Sunday performances shall be so enforced as to forbid dancing and acrobatic acts, while permitting singing and scene shifting, there can be none but words of commendation. The differences between a song and a dance are intelligible to every mind that believes it right to hang a cat on Monday for killing a rat on Sunday. It is equally clear to such minds that it is prejudicial to the public welfare to watch a man do a handspring on the stage, though quite in accord with civic ethics to watch another ride a horse in the park or to skate.

All ordinances should be construed, applied and enforced with due regard not only to the intent of the framers but to the spirit that informs them. As a fool should be answered according to his folly, so should a foolish law be enforced. Distinction between twaddle and twaddle in morals and manners and sins and pastimes may be overlooked six days in the week, but in the Sunday ordinances let it be clearly drawn.

Letters From the People

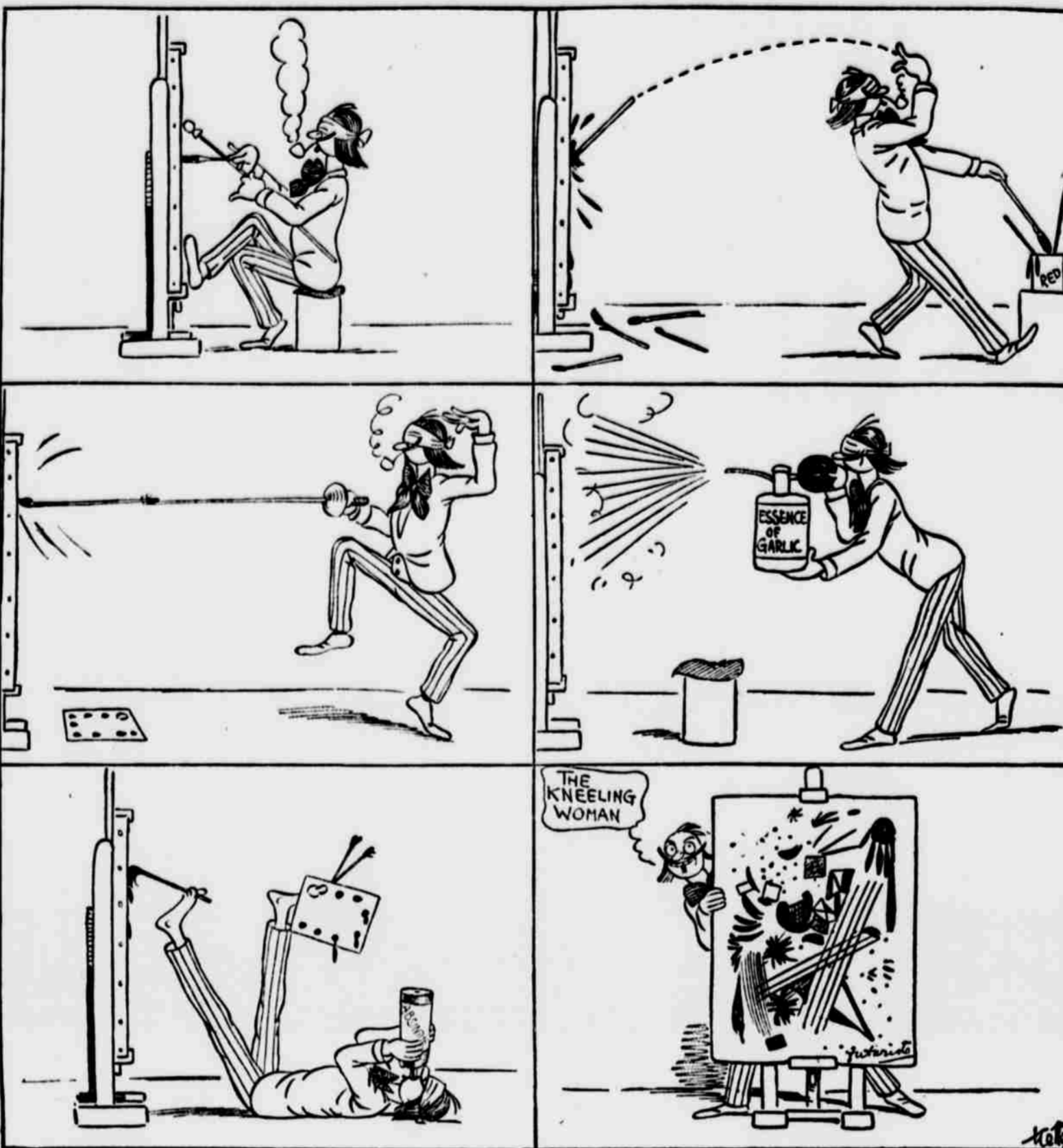
"How Many?"
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please ask your readers to solve: A barn is built in a field; grass all around. A cow is tied to a rope 100 feet long. The rope is tied to a stake at one corner of the barn. How many square feet of grass can the cow graze on?
J. SULLIVAN.
World Almanac, Page 564.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where can I find out in full how and where to apply to have a story copyrighted, also the fee and a few lines of information?
H. F. M.

Tuesday.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
On what day did the 15th of November fall in the year 1847?
MICHAEL S. WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.
GEORGE VAN BRANDT.
Perils of Skating.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Few days pass during the winter but some accident mar the pleasure of ice skating on the lakes and ponds, often

ending fatally. I would suggest that ropes of the proper length be placed in convenient places wherever ice skating is indulged in. When the ice breaks and some one sinks seldom indeed does any one know where to find something to help the unlucky one out. Such places as Van Cortlandt Park, Central Park and Coney Island, as well as many others, should be properly provided for such an emergency. Swimming is protected in all public places. Why not ice skating? The cost would be a trifle as compared to the benefit.
J. N.

A Cabbage Complaint.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
How about cabbages? The papers say the commission houses here are refusing shipments as they do not bring the freight. Yet the retail stores ask ten cents a head. If cabbages were offered at three and five cents, could not all these be sold that are now being fed to chickens and pigs? There is a chance for the Mountbatten League, I think.
MOUNTBATTEN LEAGUE.

The New Art By Maurice Ketten



The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCadden.

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THE news that Mr. Jarr was threatened with brain fever caused quite a stir at the office. True, Jenkins, the bookkeeper, had taken the news lightly and had been heard to remark: "Jarr getting brain fever? He hasn't the wherewithal!"

This being conveyed to the boss by Johnson, the cashier as "pretty good thing," was received by the head of the firm with anything but appreciation for its subtle satire.

The boss (but this is strictly entre nous) had been called "a doddling old dodo" by his fair young bride—Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith—that very morning, and this had not started the day very cheerfully for him.

Headless, as head of the firm, the star of the establishment, so to speak, the boss's private opinion was that he should get all the laughs in that establishment. Business is business, and if any jokes are to be cracked in a commercial establishment the boss is to do the cracking.

Therefore it was that the boss snarled that a jest at such a time—and upon such a subject was unkind and in bad taste, to say the least.

Johnson's grin changed to a look of

deep concern, and he replied, right off: "That's what I said to Jenkins, and I think you should tell him so, too! If anything happened to Ed Jarr it would be a serious blow to this firm."

"Well, I would not go so far as to say that," replied the boss, wishing it to be realized that the only really serious blow to the firm would be something happening to himself.

"However," added the boss, "it is very inconvenient that Mr. Jarr should be taken ill just at this time when our spring orders are so heavy."

"Shall I write him to that effect?" asked the cashier.

"If he has brain fever he would hardly feel cognizant of the proof," replied the boss. "Find out just what his condition is, as there are some important matters I wish to consult with him about if his condition warrants his being consulted."

"Very well, sir," said the cashier.

And he stepped out softly to uptown past Jenkins and remarked in a low voice that the old man had heard what he, Jenkins, had said about poor Ed Jarr, and he, the boss, was mighty sore about it.

This started things nicely for Jenkins. And in the fit of nervous agitation that followed he blotted his ledger, an incident of such tragic import to bookkeepers that Mr. Jenkins contemplated self-destruction for a few moments and balanced his steel eraser, although it were a toss-up whether he would scratch out the blot or scratch out his existence with it.

Finally he decided he did not know the exact location of a vital spot near enough to the surface to be reached by the one-inch blade of the eraser.

Mr. Jarr for Once Holds the Precise Centre of the Stage

A few minutes later the boss came out of the office with a gloomy brow. And gloomy brows instantly became the prevailing expression throughout the establishment. When, with the air of one who must say something to lighten the general sorrow, as mourners are prone to whisper some extraneous jest as the pall bearers shuffle by, the boss remarked that he had had a great time at a cabaret dinner the night before.

"These little colored celluloid balls were distributed and thrown around," the boss went on, "but I tossed a French roll which struck De Brie, the Apache dancer, in the head. He came over to my table and was quite impudent about it, but I told him he was lucky he wasn't struck in the foot, as it might have given him concussion of the brain."

Seeing this was a joke, and the boss's office force laughed in keen appreciation, which was suddenly checked when the boss said:

"And speaking of concussion of the brain reminds me of the sad news we have received that a very important member of our force is threatened with brain fever."

"Poor Ed! Poor old chap!" murmured Jenkins, and he could not repress a tear.

But it was the blot that had started this lachrymose evidence of his emotion. "Well," said the boss, "it is most unfortunate at this time. It brings matters to a standstill in Mr. Jarr's department."

The office force waited to see whether the boss would state that Mr. Jarr should be commended for this state of affairs, but the boss, on reflection, had come to the conclusion that if brain fever threatened Mr. Jarr it was a tribute to the tremendous mental strain close application to the wholesale wooden business may cause.

"He goes up and see him," said the boss. "He is a hero fallen on the firing line!"

Meanwhile the hero fallen on the firing line was fighting off brain fever by checking himself at solitaire in both robe and slippers in his happy domain.

The average engagement is more of a surprise to the man than to anybody else on earth.

Most young couples "lock their hearts together" so carelessly that they have to rush around and find a lawyer to hunt up the combination so that they can unlock them.

No, Dearie, the average man isn't conceited. He merely knows that he has unusually fine judgment, a thorough knowledge of life, an uncommonly good appearance, and an irresistible charm for women. Heigh-ho!

At eighteen a woman's greatest asset is beauty; at twenty-eight, charm; at thirty-eight, tact, and at forty-eight, money.

The world is like a cat (or a man): Feed it and cater to it and it will tolerate you; caress it and pursue it and it will turn its back on you; ignore it and it will come purring to your feet.

A girl likes to stand on a pedestal and issue commands; a widow is wise enough to adorn a foot-stool and sing parsons.

Most women fight the battle of life with curling tongs, powder puffs and orange sticks.

He never wastes a second making up his mind.

He doesn't have to. His wife makes it up for him.

Chats With Great Men of the Civil War

By Mrs. Gen. Pickett

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21—GEN. JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE, Confederate War Secretary.

"JUST opposite here, you say, was the home of Chief Justice Marshall?" asks Gen. John C. Breckenridge, the last Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Davis. "Yes, General," I replied. "My Soldier's grandfather and the Chief Justice were warm personal friends, and the Picketts and the Marshalls are closely related by blood and marriage."

"It's a connection to be proud of, for Judge Marshall was one of the most learned men our country has ever had. No judicial fame will ever equal that acquired by him as Chief Justice. He possessed, as some one has said, 'the statesmanship of jurisprudence.'"

And yet he was as simple minded as a child, as I could illustrate with one of the family legends if you were not such a good story-teller yourself."

"All the more reason that I should enjoy your story."

"Well, Col. Pickett and his judicial neighbor were opposite in many ways. The gaunt form and meagre face of the Chief Justice seemed to indicate that, in addition to having descended through a long line of thin ancestry, he had lived a life of toil and was of abstemious habits. Col. Pickett, on the other hand, showed in his portly form and genial face the effects of generous living and years spent in scholarly leisure. The same differences were apparent in every part of their establishment, even including the carriage horses."

"So noticeable was this dissimilarity that it led to unpleasant suspicions that Dick, the driver, was perhaps converting the food of the horses into liquid refreshment for himself. The attention of the Judge being called to the subject, he sent for Dick to solve this new problem which defied Constitutional principles and precedents."

"Good mornin', Marse John."

"Good mornin', Dick. What's the reason that Col. Pickett's horses are so fat and sleek, while mine look like skeletons? They are not half fed. What becomes of their food?"

"Yes, suh, Marse John, dat's so dat dey ain't fat. But you en de Kumsa's moughty diffunt yo'se's. He wurs fine clothes, fan-tail coats wid buttons set fur apart en H' collars en lace ruffles en knee buckles. En you, Marse John, you don't keer what you wurs or what you eats. You wurs plain shirts en linen roundabouts."

"That's so, Dick—that's so."

"Den ar'n, Marse John, look at you. Is you fat?"

"No; decidedly not."

"Den look at missus. Is she fat?"

"No. Marse Marshall is certainly not fat."

"Den look at me. Is I fat?"

"No; you're as lean as a beanpole."

"Dat's de same case wid we-all's horses. Dey's no 'twak we-all is. You see, Marse John, de fat runs in de Pickett family en it don't run in ours."

"Your evidence is conclusive, Dick. It is apparent that my judgment in the premises was erroneous. You may go."

"Yes, suh; I knowed you wurs gwine say 'twas 'raneous en I knowed dem horses wurs 'raneous when you asked, but I didn't lak to tell you."

"The Judge was a great orator, too, wasn't he?" I asked.

"No; I never thought he was an orator. There have been few great orators. They are more rare than poets, artists, statesmen and generals."

"You should know," I replied. "For you are classed as one of the great ones."

"I am not one. I do possess the first and most essential quality of oratory—sincerity. For I cannot affect an emotion. I might make a smile come before the tears are dried, but I never could make one 'take up arms against himself.' I was forcibly convinced of this in one of the most impressive and dramatic speeches of my life, one in which I had given great care in preparation and delivery. It was in justification of secession."

"In the second of deathless silence which followed my closing word an officer in the fatigues uniform of the United States Army, who had neither the voice nor the eyes of an orator, sprang to his feet and, without a moment's preparation, hurled at me in defense of the Union words of such liquid fire that they burned mine to ashes. A few weeks later that officer, Col. Baker, on the battlefield of Ball's Bluff, sealed with his blood his devotion to his country."

Col. Breckenridge, who was the competitor of Lincoln and Douglas in the great contest of 1860, was considered the handsomest man in the United States. His face was like a beautiful cameo, his eyes were sparkling and expressive, his figure was magnificent. He was a brilliant conversationalist. He was our youngest Vice-President and won even greater honor when he left the presidential chair to be sworn in as a Senator from Kentucky.

But for secession he would have made a name greater than that of Jefferson. As an officer he had little opportunity to win distinction and accepted the position of Secretary of War of the Confederacy in its last days.

He was one of my Soldier's warmest friends, and even in the excitement of the evacuation proved his loyalty to that friendship by sending a messenger to me with an urgent request that I should allow him to take me to a place of safety. I replied that my Soldier had left me in the ancestral home to stay until he came for me, and while I thanked him most warmly for his kindness I would not go.

We were afterward very glad to meet him in Canada when he was in exile. His brilliance and charm won many friends and knew himself over many a day in an alien land.

If Your Voice Is Tired, Why Not Let Your Eyebrows Talk?

FIRST add to the weary talker: Let your eyebrows do the talking. No, it isn't a merry quip and there is no catch to it. It is an easy way to let your eyebrows talk for you.

For six thousand years, maybe longer, the eyebrow has loomed on the job. Nearly every other feature has had to hustle for a living. But the eyebrows have sat back and looked pretty and watched the rest work. They have gotten away with it, too. Because nobody could think of any job exactly fitted to their talents. But now the discovery has been made. And the lazy eyebrow is to be put to work in good earnest. He'll pay his way henceforth, or get out.

A grand opera singer tells in the Chicago Tribune how it is to be done. Through Graudet of the Paris opera she has learned how to symbolize "a complete emotional crisis" by eyebrow-wiggling. Here is the main idea:

"It was not easy. The muscles of the eyebrows do not respond readily to the will, and I struggled once for three hours before I could imitate the figure which depicts an acutely satirical eye-brow elevated at the outer edge and lowered over the nose."

"A drooping eyebrow, being expressive of fatigue, is affected by blase persons. This lowered eyebrow is the aspect we see about us most of the time, especially on people past their youth. The youthful eyebrow is highly arched at some distance from the eye and perfect in symmetry. The eyebrow typical of youth and innocence is seen on the little girl in the 'Broken Pitcher' by Greuze."

"The eyebrow of beauty is at a considerable distance from the eye itself and arched like the eyebrow of innocence. The further away the eyebrow is from the eye the greater the apparent size of the eye. But eyebrows placed in this way by nature are seldom as expressive as those that lie closer to the eye and can be elevated at will."

The arched eyebrow is called the



MAJ. GEN. J. C. BRECKENRIDGE.

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